

565
9047

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

C. Cleveland

Vol. 57 No. 7 DECEMBER, 1924 Price 10 Cents



CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY

LUMBER of All Kinds



THE A.T. STEARNS LUMBER CO.
Neponset, Boston, Mass.



Cuticura
Loveliness
A Clear
Healthy Skin
Insured by Every-day
Use of Cuticura Soap

Make the Children Happy With Holiday Gift Books

For Primary and Grammar Grades:
A delightful story which will appeal to
all classes of children,

Prince Rudolf's Quest

By IDA KENNISTON

"One real fairy story in these days when real
fairy stories are rarely ever encountered."
—New York Sun

150 pages, with frontispiece, fancy board
covers, \$1.00, postpaid.

For High Schools and Adults:

A life-time collection of anecdotes about
birds, by a great bird lover and rare
scholar, in which the little creatures are
shown to be men's friends, helpers and
teachers,

The Birds of God

By THERON BROWN, late of *The Youth's Companion*

There is scarcely one story which does not touch
some chord of human sympathy or awaken a deeper
love for our friends of the air.—*Boston Herald*

An ideal volume for supplementary reading.
Invaluable to teachers and parents.

318 pages, gilt top, bound in blue vellum,
stamped in gold, with five full-page colored
plates. \$1.50 postpaid.

Children Will Delight in Our Six Popular Humane Classics

Including "Beautiful Joe," 50 cents; "Black
Beauty," 45 cents; "Lady of the Robins," 35
cents; "For Pity's Sake," 35 cents; "Holly-
hurst," 35 cents; and "The Strike at Shane's,"
30 cents.

Special assortment of twenty-five different leaf-
lets on humane education, birds, animals, etc., will
be mailed upon receipt of 10 cents.

American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue

Boston, Mass.

Cafe des Invalides

Compounded



This compound is
not all coffee, but
contains about seven-
eighths coffee, of the
finest grades, blend-
ed with vegetable
substances which
have been found to
render it more
healthful than pure
coffee in that it does
not produce nervous-
ness or wakefulness.

"CAFE DES
INVALIDES"
does not produce the
usual effects yet
"CAFE DES
INVALIDES"
pleases the most
critical coffee
connoisseurs

S. S. PIERCE CO.
Boston, Mass.

GUSTAVUS J. ESSELEN

Successor to Mrs. J. C. White

Artists' Materials, School Supplies, Kindergar-
ten Goods, Children's Novelties, Christmas and
New Year Cards, Calendars, Stationery, etc.

Personal Greeting Christmas Cards a Specialty
19 BROMFIELD STREET BOSTON, MASS.

HENRY W. SAVAGE, INC.

REAL ESTATE

10 State Street, Boston

1331 Beacon St., Coolidge Corner, Brookline
564 Commonwealth Ave. 109 Concord Street
NEWTON CENTRE FRAMINGHAM



Established 1859

J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, INC.

Undertakers

BOSTON—BROOKLINE—CAMBRIDGE
City and Out-of-Town Service

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by
the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood,
Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to all parts of the
United States.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond
with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle
the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the
giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals*,
additional to his own, sent to any persons whose addresses
are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to EBEN.
SHUTE, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180
Longwood Avenue, Boston.

HUMANE LITERATURE AND BAND OF MERCY SUPPLIES

For sale by the American Humane Education Society and
the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at 180 Longwood Avenue,
Boston 17, Mass., at these prices, post-paid. (Titles in
bold face are of books.) Complete price-list will be mailed
free upon application.

Humane Calendar for 1925, one for 20 cts., two for 35 cts.,
six for \$1.00

Our Dumb Animals, Vol. 56, June, 1923— each, \$1.25
May, 1924 each, \$1.25
Colored Posters, 17 x 28 inches, with attrac-
tive pictures and verses, six in the set \$1.00
Write for special price-list of literature in foreign lan-
guages (Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and Yiddish).

About the Horse

Don—His Recollections, Willard A. Paul,
M.D., 274 pp., illus. cloth, \$1.50
Black Beauty (English), cloth, 45 cents paper, 20 cts.
What Constitutes Cruelty, Francis H. Rowley, \$0.30 per 100
Humane Horse Book, 32 pp., 5 cts. each, or 5.00
The Horse—Treatment of Sores, Diseases, etc. 60 "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 5 50 "
How to Treat a Horse 50 "
Two Horses I Have Known, Mary C. Yarrow, 50 "
Norie and the Outlaw, a story 50 "
The Folly of the Blinder 30 "
The Horse's Prayer 30 "
The Horse's Point of View in Winter, card 1.00
Advice on Stable Management, card 1.00
The Overhead Checkrein, card (two sides) 50 "

About the Dog

Beautiful Joe, new, illus., \$1.50 small, 50 cts.
Where Is My Dog? Dr. Charles Joseph Adams \$1.00
Eulogy on the Dog, by Vest, post-card \$1.00 per 100
The Dog—Its Care in Health and Disease 60 "
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 3 and 4 50 "
The Story of Barry 30 "
My Irish Setter Dogs, Gov. Baxter 50 "
What the Chained Dog Says 50 "

About the Bird

The Birds of God, Theron Brown, 318 pp.,
illus. cloth, \$1.50
The Lady of the Robins cloth, 35 cts.
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 1 and 2 \$0.50 per 100
How the Birds Help the Farmer 50 "
The Air-gun and the Birds 50 "
"Look at the Birds," by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, 30 " "

About the Cat

The Cat—Its Care in Health and Disease \$0.60 per 100
Humane Education Leaflet No. 8 50 "
Do Not Leave Your Cat to Starve 50 "
Mollie Whitefoot's Vacation 50 "
"The Beggar Cat," post-card, 6 cts. per doz. 50 "

About Other Animals

Prince Rudolf's Quest, Ida Kenniston,
150 pp. boards, \$1.00
For Pity's Sake, cloth, 35 cents paper, 15 cts.
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst, cloth, 35c. paper, 15 cts.
The Strike at Shane's, cloth, 30 cts. paper, 15 cts.
Michael Brother of Jerry, Jack London cloth, 75 cts.
Jack London Club Posters, 22 x 32 inches, one
for 15 cts., two for 25 cts., five or more each, 10 cts.
What is the Jack London Club \$0.30 per 100
Foreword from "Michael Brother of Jerry" 30 "
How to Kill Animals Humanely, 4 pp. 1.00 "
Human Nature in Some Pets I've Had 1.00 "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 6, Animals 50 "
Ways of Kindness 50 "

Humane Education

The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education, 32 pp., 10 cts.
Humane Stamps in colors \$0.25 per 100
"Be Kind to Animals" Pennants each, 25 cts.
"Be Kind to Animals" Placards each, 3 cts.
The Humane Idea, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, cloth, 35 cts.
paper, 15 cts.
Friends and Helpers (selections for school
use), Sarah J. Eddy cloth, 96 cts.
Angell Prize Contest Recitations (paper) 55 cts.
Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals \$3.00 per 100
Humane Day Exercises 1.50
Humane Education, What to Teach and How
to Teach It 50 per 100
Early Lessons in Kindness or Cruelty 50 "
Teaching Which is of Vital Importance 30 "
How to Organize a Society for the Protection
of Animals 1.00 "
Festival of Tender Mercies 50 "
Woman's Indifference, Dr. Rowley 30 "
Outlines of Study in Humane Education, 8 pp. 1.50 "
A Talk with the Teacher 50 "
The Coming Education 30 "

Band of Mercy

"Be Kind to Animals" Buttons \$1.00 per 100
Buttons—white star on blue ground, with gilt
letters and border, one cent each 1.00 per 100
Badges, gold finish, large, 10 cts. each small, 5 cts.
"Band of Mercy" Pennant 35 cts.
"Band of Mercy" Register 10 cts.
Songs of Happy Life, with music, S. J. Eddy, 50 cts.
Songs of Happy Life (56 pages, words only) \$3.00 per 100
Band of Mercy Membership Card 50 "
How to Form Bands of Mercy 50 "

American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue

Boston 17, Mass.

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

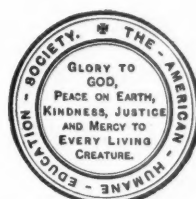
The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1918
Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Vol. 57

December, 1924

No. 7

THOSE interested in the agitation against the barbarities of the rodeo should read what appears on another page of this issue entitled "The Doom of the Rodeo."

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned livery stable with its over-driven, often half-starved and suffering horses? Henry Ford could probably answer that better than any other man alive.

WE came upon a Latin proverb the other day whose significance not a few will appreciate, "Judex damnatur cum nocens absoluitur"—The acquittal of the guilty is the condemnation of the judge.

CAN the Christian Church as an organization supposed to stand as a representative of its founder's teaching sanction war? Certainly not if it accepts the evident teaching of Jesus. What its individual members may think about war is quite another matter.

THE representatives of sixty-two large women's clubs with a membership of 5,000, at a meeting held recently in Tacoma, listened to an eye witness' description of the cruelties inflicted upon animals at the Pendleton Round-up and will bring the subject before their respective organizations with the purpose of united effort to free the State of Washington from these demoralizing exhibitions.

THE seventy-eighth anniversary of the discovery of ether was celebrated October 16. Who shall measure the suffering this discovery has saved innumerable men, women, children, and animals during these near four-score years! The increasing number of animals whose lives are saved or whose maladies are relieved by the skillful veterinary surgeon share with humanity in this inestimable blessing to the world.

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.,
when making your will.

IT COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

WE are glad of it. Two Christmases a year would rob it of more than half the joy that is bound up with the anticipation of its coming and the gladness of its arrival. If any of us have been slowly through the years drifting into the company of "Old Scrooge," the sooner we re-read the "Christmas Carol," the better. The difference between Scrooge before and after he looked Christmas in the face and heard its merry voice was the difference between a crabbed, selfish, miserly old man and a happy, radiant boy. This is among the best of the Christmas blessings, it restores us for a few brief hours to childhood days. It awakens a thousand tender memories. It opens long-closed doors of the heart and lets us see again the pictures that still hang there and which, though too often forgotten, are among our sacred possessions. To forget one's childhood is to forget much of the best that life has brought us. Age has not been an un-mixed good. Some things are still revealed to little children that the years have hidden from the wise and prudent. We come nearer renewing our youth at Christmas than at any other time of the year. Alas for us if we miss its chance for this!

Much as Christmas has meant to humanity, it has meant no less to those lowlier fellow-creatures who share with man life's joys and sorrows. Whatever the burden of suffering that rests upon the animal world today, it is less by many fold than it was before that night when a little child was born in the stable of a Bethlehem inn. The spirit of Christmas is the eternal foe of cruelty. No man who yields to its sway can look with other than kindly eyes upon the least of those living things that have capacity for pain.

Christmas is a day of hope. It brings the promise of a better future. It denies the despairing charge of the pessimist. It witnesses to something that lives behind the shadows that darken the present, and the evil that threatens the future—to that invisible but eternal presence whence it came and "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns and the round ocean and the living air."

THE INHUMAN TREATMENT OF PRISONERS

OUR readers may remember what was said by us of the treatment of prisoners as reported at the Bassett Blakely state prison farm in Rosenberg, Texas. The brutality of it seemed so incredible we wrote to Governor Neff to know if the report could not be contradicted. He never replied. Now we have the following from a correspondent whose testimony we cannot well call in question:—

"In the early part of 1921 a law was passed without opposition by both houses prohibiting the whipping of convicts with leather whips except in cases of mutiny or attack upon their guards. It was vetoed by Governor Neff, and the legislature being then in adjournment could not again pass it over his veto. A law was passed at the same time prohibiting the hanging of prisoners up by their wrists in chains, so that their toes barely tipped the floor. Many prisoners had died while hanging up in this fashion. This law was also vetoed by Governor Neff and could not be again passed over his veto for the reason that the legislature had adjourned before the governor vetoed the law."

Let all decent people rejoice that this governor goes out of office next January. We hope Texas has had all it wants of "Pat Neff."

October 4, *The Federated Press Bulletin* reports the following from Greenwood, S. C.—

Melvine Payne, a young worker serving a three months' sentence on the Greenwood county chain-gang for theft of an automobile, is dead here after a whipping by a chain-gang boss.

A coroner's jury returned a verdict that Payne "came to his death from causes unknown after a severe punishment by E. L. Devere." Coroner P. T. Faulkner said he would take no action in the case. The victim was a Negro.

The *Bulletin* adds this comment: "South Carolina is a very religious state. The governor states that he prays every day and many mayors are members of Billy Sunday clubs, yet no action is taken on the numerous complaints of cruelty to South Carolina's prisoners."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS will be sent free for three months, as a Christmas gift, to any name and address mailed to us before January 1, 1925

JACK LONDON CLUB CONTINUES DRIVE INDEFENSIBLE CRUELITIES PALE UNDER SPOTLIGHT OF PUBLICITY

THE DOOM OF THE RODEO

WHAT better evidence can we have of the speedy approach of the day when the coming generation of the State of Washington will put an end to the cruelties of these Wild West Shows than the following, issued by the students of the Yakima High School under the title, "Is This 1924?":

As students of Yakima High we are a part of the world-wide movement among educational institutions for the highest type of culture.

We are not interested only in those things which directly concern us. We are interested in the girls and boys of today, and the men and women of tomorrow.

Cruelty to animals has been resorted to by the lowest types of barbarians through the ages. As an aid in preventing cruelty, humane societies have been established.

The good work of years done by societies organized for the prevention of cruelty to animals is undone in a few days at certain exhibitions.

We are commercializing cruelty!

Knowing this, 65,000 people attended round-ups during the past month. As far as the pageants, with their historical value, clean horse-racing and marks of color were concerned, these shows were counted among the wonders of the West. But as exhibitions of man's power over beast, they were a disgraceful failure.

If one is interested in seeing handsome horses, full of the life and vigor with which God created them, racing from their captors, wild-eyed and crazy with fear, crashing against fences, breaking their knees, being blind-folded and dragged before the grandstand, a pitiful trembling mass of blood and dirt, the lowest traits in one's nature have been aroused.

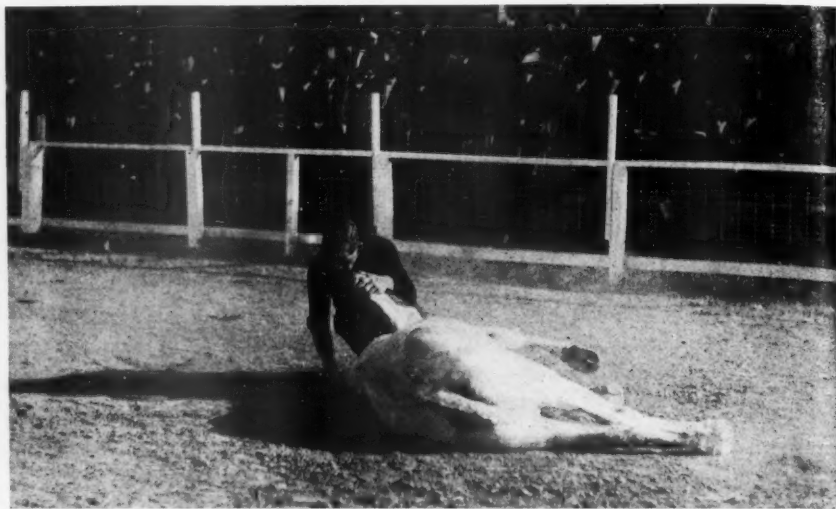
SECRETARY OF WAR BANS CRUELTY

SUCH acts as that of the parachute jumping dog which took place last summer in Denver, Colo., when a dog was sent to his death from an army balloon will not be repeated according to an official word from the Secretary of War. In reply to a letter of protest against such an exhibition sent by Mr. Robert L. Ste. Fleure of the Santa Barbara Humane Society, Secretary Weeks said: "I have caused this case to be carefully investigated and have given the necessary instructions to prevent a recurrence of the distressing incident. You may rest assured that the War Department is a strong advocate of the humane treatment of all animals coming under its jurisdiction and that its influence will ever be exerted to prevent cruelty to any animals by Army personnel."

THEY OUGHT TO PASS

THE American Animal Defence League of Los Angeles, Cal., announces that it will present to the state legislature in January a bill prohibiting the making as well as the showing of any picture involving cruelty to animals, either real or suggested; also another bill requiring the trainer of every animal act to be licensed, with license revokable in case of cruelty.

Join the Jack London Club.



"BULLDOGGING"—THE LAST ACT OF A DEGRADING SPECTACLE

THE NATIONAL DISGRACE

IN a recent address at the convention of the American Humane Association in Toronto, Mrs. Ethel Soper Hardy, president of the Chattanooga Humane Educational Society, said in part:

The rodeo, an American product, presents a spectacle of raw cruelty not to a performing animal, but to one teased and tormented into fright without the sporting chance of escaping uninjured. It was the poor sportsmanship of the cowboys that called forth the condemnation of the British in the Wembley stadium. American humanitarians, while applauding the quick action of the British in taking the matter directly to the floor of Parliament, with the result that the most objectionable features were eliminated at the request of the Home Secretary, Mr. Arthur Henderson, cannot but feel chagrined at the law's delay in our own country which permits cruelties to multiply while court cases are continued indefinitely, injunctions granted, and every possible obstacle put in the path of justice.

England, in one unequivocal protest, has made it impossible for the cruel features of the rodeo to be repeated in that country. How long shall we have to fight for their abolition?

The bull-fight, although refused permits to exhibit in several states, persistently struggles for a foothold. The defense offered for a recent fight in Newark, New Jersey, that there are 10,000 Spaniards in that city who enjoy a bull-fight, ought to stiffen the spine of every American who believes that American ideals and American standards must prevail in this country. Foreign-born residents, who are unwilling to be Americanized to the extent of relinquishing sports, customs and beliefs that are inimical to the sentiment and laws of the United States, have no place here.

Let us consider briefly the remedial agencies which may be useful in restricting these offensive amusements. There is nothing more efficacious than the spotlight of publicity. Through the medium of the daily press, the

public schools, the civic clubs and women's clubs, Parent-Teacher Associations, personal letters and personal influence, public opinion may be gradually moulded into powerful protest. This work should be carried on unremittingly not only by organized humane societies, but by individuals. It may not be amiss to sound a note of warning against broadcasting vagrant and unreliable information. We should be quite positive that our facts are of unquestionable authenticity. Sensational newspaper stories of unknown origin and personal gossip that cannot be reduced to sworn statements of evidence should be scrupulously avoided. Protests against animal turns, acts of cruelty in moving picture films, rodeos and Wild West shows and bull-fights should be made not only through the newspapers, but directly to theater managers, booking agencies and public officials.

Every effort should be put forth to influence charitable organizations to refuse to enter into any agreement with such amusement companies for monetary benefits or to permit such performances to be held under the auspices of their organizations.

No hesitancy should be felt in importuning the public as well as the individual to boycott every offensive performance and picture. We would even advocate picketing entrances to amusement places and distributing leaflets which state the reasons for our opposition. Propaganda can be successfully carried on through the organization of Jack London Clubs.

Critical situations and an acute need for emergency action may require us to invoke the law on occasion and to petition legislatures for broader authority, but the strength for the contest and the glory of its triumph will come from countless little children who are being taught in the public schools of our country that kindness to every living creature makes a happy human family and a noble citizenship. Humane Education is the torch which should illumine the work of every humane society.

THE ANIMAL LOVERS' CHRISTMAS HYMN*

G. LAMBERT

WHEN God sent down His Son to Earth
To set His whole creation free,
Ere wise men worshipp'd at His Birth,
Or Shepherds knelt at Mary's knee,
The lowly cattle in the stall
Beheld the Lord before them all.

Thou findest, Lord, the bird his nest,
The fox his hole, ere Thou dost find
Whereon Thy weary Head to rest,
Great Lover of all living-kind,
Give us high courage to remove
All that undoes Thy work of Love.

Teach us to shun all cruelties,
And make us look with kinder eye
On bird and beast, as being His
Who grieveth if a sparrow die,
Go forth, O Lord, and purge our land
From heedless heart and cruel hand.

Until that glad day shall appear,
When all Thy creatures, caged and free,
Shall lose their fury and their fear,
Led by a little child to Thee,
O Lord of Life, make haste, we pray,
Prepare our hearts for that great day. Amen.

* May be sung to the tune, "Eternal Father." This beautiful hymn was written recently by Mr. Lambert, a nephew of Lt. Col. Leonard Noble of Harpsden Court, Henley on the Thames, for Animal Sunday.

PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETIES MEET

A HUMANE education department should be added to every S. P. C. A. and child welfare organization in the country, according to Mrs. Warren Edward Tryon, ex-president of the Humane Education Society of Pennsylvania at the annual meeting of the Federated Humane Societies of that state in Harrisburg, recently. She recommended a woman leader and said that the position of anti-cruelty societies would be greatly strengthened in any community by such a measure. Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, of Jenkintown, spoke on "Barriers to Humaneness," citing fur and feather wearers and patrons of shows and movies where real or apparent cruelty to animals occurs.



Courtesy of U. S. Forest Service

AN OLD BUCK WHICH BECAME VERY TAME

30,000 Deer Threatened with Starvation

Vast Herd in Grand Canyon, National Game Preserve, Arizona, Presents Serious Problem

THE United States government has too many mule deer on its hands in the Kaibab National Forest. Sometimes the question is asked, What would become of our animals if none were permitted to be slaughtered for food or for other human needs? Does this situation relative to the deer throw any light upon the answer to the question? Because of illegal hunting, which threatened to exterminate these deer in President Roosevelt's time, in 1906 this great tract of about 500 square miles was made a national game preserve. For eighteen years all hunting has been prohibited, there has been a careful guard against poaching, and predatory animals, like mountain lions and coyotes, have been killed off.

The range is on a plateau with an average elevation of 8,000 feet. To the north it drops to an open desert valley, on the south is the almost impassable Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, while on the east particularly and to some extent on the west it breaks abruptly, leaving high walls through which run irregular valleys. Hence, for practical purposes, the preserve is shut off from adjacent lands by natural barriers.

So rapid has been the increase of the mule deer in this area that for three years past it has presented a problem to the experts of the Department of Agriculture. Nobody had expected there could be such an increase. Today the herd numbers not less than 30,000 and possibly 50,000. The lower estimate is conservative and based on the report of experts. The higher figures are those given by local witnesses who were examined by the committee. For only last October the Department received an official report of the special investigations of four men who spent ten days in the preserve. Their report covers sixteen closely typed pages.

They found all the deer, including large bucks, extremely thin at a season when they should have been in the pink of condition. The conditions of forage throughout the preserve were found to be deplorable. The committee fears for the utter destruction of the range, because seeding is impossible. This is one point emphatically stressed in the report—unless the number of deer is greatly reduced very soon, the preserve will be ruined for all time. Then there is the danger of starvation in winter for the deer which cannot, or will not, move on to more abundant forage.

The immediate remedy, says the committee, is to reduce the herd of deer by at least one half. Anything short of this will fail to bring the necessary relief. Three methods are proposed, the first of which is now being carried out:

(1) Shipping the deer alive to all who will accept them upon payment of cost of capture and transportation to the railway, about \$35 per head, and express charges to desti-



Courtesy of U. S. Forest Service

A FAWN IS SAID TO GIVE NO SCENT. THE MOTHER HIDES IT WHERE THE COLORS BLEND WITH ITS MOTTLED COAT, AND THERE INSTINCT TEACHES IT TO STAY

nation. The nearest railway point is 165 miles distant.

(2) If Plan 1 fails, open the preserve to licensed hunters to shoot the deer under regulations by the Secretary of Agriculture.

(3) If neither of the above plans succeed in removing the 15,000 animals necessary to be eliminated, and only as a last resort, authorize destruction of the deer by Government officers, the meat and hides to be used to the best available economic advantage.

While correspondence with the Department of Agriculture shows that the plan of giving away the deer on the terms mentioned has met with unexpected response, there seems no possibility that anything like 15,000 deer will be called for to be placed in parks, zoos, and private game preserves. In any event, is this the most humane way of disposing of these animals? What about the suffering of the deer in undergoing capture, caging, and transportation by motor over 165 miles of the preserve, to say nothing of the long journey shut up in crates in railway express cars? Then there is the life of confinement, often in inadequate areas, in parks and zoos. No, we cannot approve of this plan, which, at best, will dispose of only a fraction of the number to be removed.

As to open hunting seasons on the range, even under Government supervision, it seems to us much unnecessary suffering, through mutilation and failure of instant killing, would be bound to ensue. We fail to see where the element of sport could enter into such an unequal contest between game and hunter.

There seems but one way out. It is unfortunate indeed, but under all the circumstances we believe the Department of Agriculture should appoint its own chosen and expert officials to destroy, as humanely as possible, these innocent superfluous animals, making such economic use of the meat and hides as may be possible, according to the third plan suggested by the committee.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

*The Lord of the Little People,
Gentle and very wise,
Walking His woods in the twilight,
Harks to His children's cries;
And His tender mouth is wry with pain.
And terrible are His eyes.*

*The snare that has throttled the rabbit
Jerks to his dying strain;
Trapped by his rush-thatched dwelling,
The muskrat whimpers his pain;
And here the bird with the shot-smashed wing
Hidden three days has lain.*

*The Lord of the Little People
Wistfully goes His way,
Seeking in vain His children;
Few and afraid are they
Of the mighty beast who has ravished the world
With his hunger to slay, slay, slay.*

*Lonely the fields at twilight;
Empty the darkling wood.
There, in the woodchuck's burrow,
Dead lies an orphaned brood.
Here, where the bob-whites covered,
Are feathers and gouts of blood.*

*The Lord of the Little People,
Who may divine what stirs
His heart, as He seeks in the twilight
The songs of His worshippers,
And hears but whimpers and squeals of pain
From creatures in plumes and furs?*

*The partridge rots in the woodland;
The wild duck drowns in the sea;
Beasts on the wide-flung trap lines
Perish in agony
That the monkey-thing with the weasel's lust
May wallow in mastery.*

*The Lord of the Little People,
Who can his thoughts surmise?
Cattle and small, gray donkeys
Heard His first baby cries.
He knows, He knows when a sparrow falls
And terrible are His eyes.*

F. VAN DE WATER, in *New York Tribune*

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

The Home of the European Bison

M. MEIN

IT is doomed—the home of the European bison. The *Bison bonasus*, which has existed there in numbers since the mammoth and the rhinoceros were common in Europe, until almost the present year. And it has been stated that a few, very few, are still to be found in the depths of their ancestral breeding-grounds—the Forest of Bialowieza. Soon, however, the axes of timber-fellers will be making the silence resound in this, the oldest and the greatest of forests in Europe. Here in Lithuania is the last refuge of the auroch, as some term the *Bison bonasus*.

For centuries the Forest of Bialowieza was the private hunting domain of the Polish kings, and then of the tsars of Russia. The Russians, since the middle of the eighteenth century, gave great attention to the raising and preserving of the auroch, the true strain of the European buffalo, and a herd of between 700 and 800 head was in existence at the outbreak of war in 1914. When, however, the German invaders occupied Lithuania, though a pretense was made of protecting the bison, it amounted to no more than a pretense. So many of the magnificent animals went to form butcher's meat that in December, 1918, only some 140 survived.

What the invaders had commenced, the peasantry finished. With the departure of the troops, the peasants at once started to slaughter the buffaloes. In many parts on the fringe of the forest the animals were looked upon as an hereditary foe, owing to their depredation of crops, which they preferred to their rough pasturage. It has been stated that in September, 1919, the last of the mighty, wild bison, so famous in history, story, and legend, was killed to fill the family-pot. It has also been reported that a few—a very few—still survive in the fastnesses of Bialowieza.

Anyhow, the operations of the London corporation, that has obtained concessions to fell and market the timber of this and other national forests, will in time disclose if any of the aurochs do yet exist.

The Germans, however, have had allies assisting in the work of killing off the last herd of the *Bison bonasus*—the congener of the North American buffalo. Count Potocki possessed a famous ancestral herd of its species, but the Bolsheviks, not content with the destruction of human institutions and human individuals, deliberately exterminated this

historic and irreplaceable remnant. The reason they advance is characteristic. It is that, because there was not enough of the bison for all men, no man ought to have any bison at all.

Luckily, the Bolsheviks cannot succeed in wiping out the wild buffalo of the Caucasus. These frequent the wooded parts of the high inaccessible mountain-slopes, and also the as inaccessible valleys situated where rise the head-waters of the Bjeleis, the Kischa and other rivers. It is a wild country, some thirty miles long from east to west, and about fifteen to sixteen miles in width from north to south.

As quick in pace as any horse, and outlying the chamois in climbing and daring, the Caucasus bison, exceedingly wary, with extraordinarily keen senses of sight, smell, and hearing, very seldom falls to the gun of even the native hunters. Though it appears identical with the auroch of Bialowieza Forest, this buffalo remains today, as three hundred years ago, much of a mystery animal as to its habits and particular characteristics. Fortunately, its home no mercantile or any other company can ever put to destruction.

TIME TO STOP TRAPPING

IT is said that twenty millions of fur-bearing animals each year are caught and tortured to death in steel traps. Many of the trappers visit their traps only once in three or four days, leaving the animals there to suffer and die of starvation or freezing.

One trapper has said that about one-third of the animals he catches have but three legs, the other having been gnawed off by the animal in order to escape when caught in a trap at some previous time. It is no worse to kill an animal for its fur than it is to kill it for food, but if the animals that are killed for food were caught in traps and left there to suffer for hours and days something would be done about it and something ought to be done about this cruel custom of trapping. The snaring of wild animals and birds has been stopped by legislation and trapping ought to be stopped by the same means. Well, someone may say, people will buy and wear furs and you can't stop it. Then let the fur-bearing animals be raised on farms as other domestic animals are raised and put to death in a more humane manner and there would be no further need of traps. G.B.F.



MAIN BUILDING OF THE SPLENDID MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL OF THE SAN FRANCISCO S. P. C. A., INAUGURATED WITH APPROPRIATE EXERCISES ON NOVEMBER 8, 1924

THE BROTHERHOOD

NIXON WATERMAN

HE was a heavy-browed, firm-looking man,
And when he came to till the farm
Beside my father's,
We children were half-scared of him.
We could not tell just why,
But in the manner children will affect,
We were afraid,—
Because.

But when the winter softened to the spring,
And spring had mellowed to the joyous June,
And haying-time had come,
This man, in mowing his green, waving fields,
Left splotches of the grass uncut,
Here, there, about the meadows,
Wherever his keen, sympathetic eyes
Could find the nest of bobolink or lark.

And since that time we have been fond of him,
And he of us; for they that love the birds
And little peoples of the field,
Will treat with kindness their brother man.

ARE BEES PUGNACIOUS?

L. E. EUBANKS

POPULAR belief has it that the bee is a savage little creature put upon this earth to sting people. Incidentally it makes a little honey, but its great mission in creation is to be ever on the alert for a person to pester and sting.

There are so many misconceptions regarding insects! A bee will sting in defense of its life or its home, and very, very seldom at any other time. According to one authority, it is doubtful that one bee in one thousand ever uses its stinger. They are nervous little bodies, but not savage; often restlessness in one colony will make an entire apiary seem out of humor. Replace the queen in that one colony with one of better temper, and the trouble is over.

When a bee is at work on flowers you could hardly force it to sting you; and when one gets into your house, stinging is the furthest thing from its mind. It wants to get out just as badly as you want it out, and all you have to do is open the door. There is not the least cause for excitement or effort to kill the bee.

A bee is like a bull in its resentment of quick, jerky movements on a person's part. If you get too near a hive when the inhabitants are a bit cross, a bee may attack you.

If you run, especially if you strike at it, it may sting you; but if you hold your head down, keep your hands at your sides, and walk quietly away, the bee is pretty apt to turn back after it has forced you to retreat to a safe distance.

Surprising things can be done with bees by the person who is fearless, kind and deliberate. An acquaintance tells me that he has many times placed his bare hand right over a bee that was busy on a flower and made the little creature a prisoner in his palm. He says that as long as the grip remains loose enough for the bee to move a little and seek escape there will be no effort to sting; but that if the hand tightens, the insect recognizes its danger, and fights for its life in the only manner it knows. My acquaintance worked with bees for many years, and he is emphatic in denying that they are quarrelsome.

The Topsy-Turvy Nuthatch

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author

THREE outstanding characteristics of the white-breasted nuthatch are his confident disposition, his ability to make his way up and down tree-trunks and around and around trunks and branches, and his neatness. His coat is always sleek and clean and he always makes a good appearance. When he is busy on the trunk of a tree, one can often get very near him. Then he may stop working long enough to look you over and greet you with his "How do you do!" A moment later off he starts head first down the tree until he reaches the ground, when he flies well up another tree and then makes his way in turn down it. If he chances to fly to a branch, he makes his way along the underside as easily as along the upper, with perhaps a few twists, turns, or other gymnastic exercises for good measure.

The white-breasted nuthatch is white underneath, has a white breast as his name implies, the white extending up on the throat and cheeks, and has a black crown and nape. His black crown makes him in this respect like his cousin, the chickadee, though his white cheeks make him look quite different. His upper parts are gray, the wings being marked with black and the tail with black and white. The bill is long and sharp, well adapted to the work of dislodging insects and other pests from crevices in the bark of trees. The toes are long and equipped with long, sharp claws, which enable this little acrobat to hang to the undersides of branches as easily as a fly hangs to the walls or ceilings of our homes.

The notes of this bird are so unusual that they at once tell you when one is about. "Ank, ank, ank, ank," he calls in grunting tones as he makes his way down a tree. His little throat swells at each syllable, though the bill may be held entirely still. He can sing, too, perhaps not as wonderfully as many birds, but for all that pleasing enough. When singing, he usually sits quite still, well up a tree. "Kwee, kwee, kwee, kwee, kwee" is what he seems to say. He talks a little in low "twits" when in the company of other birds or near other birds about a food tray. Likely as not one of the other birds is his mate whom he has brought there for the feast.

The nuthatch, like the chickadee, nests in holes and cavities in trees. The hole or cavity is usually enlarged or changed by the birds and then lined with feathers, fur, and other soft materials. From five to eight eggs spotted with brown are laid. The young birds when nearly grown make interesting subjects for photographic purposes and many are the

interesting pictures which have been secured of whole families of youngsters by nature photographers.



WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH FEEDING ON SUET

The white-breast stays with us all year, as do the downy and hairy woodpeckers, junco, blue jay, and chickadee. Make a food tray or a suet stick for the yard if you want him for a winter neighbor and want him to visit you when other bird neighbors are scarce. Suet makes a good food for this little fellow, as does oatmeal. When he visits your food tray, be sure to notice how he seems to skate in hops over the bottom of the tray. Notice, too, how little he fears you and how near you can get to him.

This energetic and cheerful bird feeds on all sorts of pests found along the trees and branches of trees. He finds many insects, their eggs and larvae overlooked by the creepers and woodpeckers, since he travels down trees and finds those along the upper sides of pieces of bark. He stores food in times of plenty and in this he is like that independent and thrifty woodpecker, the red-head.

JUDGE BOSSON ON KILLING

IN imposing fines on violators of the game laws of Massachusetts, Judge Albert D. Bosson said in the Chelsea District Court:—

"God gave the birds their lives and we have no right to take them away without sufficient reason.

"It is fostering of the spirit of killing which leads to the killing of larger animals and of human beings. It is only a difference in degree. It reminds me of a conversation I heard in the smoking room of a trans-Atlantic liner when an officer in a European army made the statement that after killing men he desired to kill big game. It is the spirit of killing."

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

DECEMBER, 1924

FOR TERMS, see inside front cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

DEATH BY ELECTRICITY

WHAT do those suffer who die by electricity? No man knows. We do know what some have suffered who have been restored to consciousness after receiving the current. A few weeks ago, Mr. G. M. Goutier, of Groveland, Mass., was working at the top of an electric wire pole when by some mistake he received a severe shock. We wrote him asking for his experience after regaining consciousness. This is what he says:

"Though I have had several slight shocks, none of them have felt alike. This one knocked me out when it hit me. I came to soon and told the superintendent to shut off the current. He told me to let go. I couldn't nor could I move any part of my body except my mouth. I tried to tell him again to shut off the current, fearing he did not hear me. The last I remember before I became unconscious again was trying to get my breath, which I couldn't. I remained unconscious till the current was shut off. The current came through my left hand and went out by my right foot, leaving burns in the heel. I was charged with the current four or five minutes. It is beyond me to tell how I felt while getting it, but I will say that I expected to die and didn't care if I did."

We recently saw a small dog put back twice in an electric killing device before death ensued. With the certainty of the bullet and the painlessness of a proper gas, why chance the suffering that may accompany death by electricity?

FOR each five dollars contributed either to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or to the American Humane Education Society, we shall be glad to send two copies of *Our Dumb Animals* for a year, additional to his own, to any addresses the giver may send us.

THE secretary of the Montreal S. P. C. A. vouches for the story of the St. Bernard who seized the clothing of the attendant operating the electric cage and pulled him away to safety, so saving his life, it is believed. This dog had been sent to the shelter to be destroyed. His life was spared, and he became a great pet. Saved by the keeper of the shelter, he, in return, seems to have saved the keeper.

ALAS FOR ENGLAND

THE *Animals' Friend* gives us the following, taken from *The Stage*, August 8, 1924:—

"A company has been formed with a capital of £100,000, under the title of 'Rodeo Limited,' with headquarters at Walter House, Bedford Street, Strand, with the object of conducting pageants and displays, particularly in regard to horsemanship and the events associated with rodeo. Wembley steers and horses have been purchased, more are due from the States, and when the show opens at least 100 cowboys and cowgirls and 300 cattle and horses will be in the company. A huge tent, seating 20,000 people, will be used, and the weekly cost of production will exceed £15,000. According to the preliminary arrangements, the provincial tour will be broken by a run in London at Christmas."

Against the permanent establishing of these brutalizing exhibitions in England, we may be sure there will be organized the entire forces of the English humane societies.

At Dunstable, England, two boys were arrested for chasing cows and trying to lasso them in emulation of what they had seen in the rodeo at Wembley. The boys were discharged, the magistrate saying, "There could be no conviction, as the boys had simply copied the rodeo, which had not been found to be cruel." Here was one of the fruits of the rodeo and a stupid magistrate to endorse it.

MISS CRABTREE'S BEQUEST

THE bequest of the late Lotta Crabtree of \$300,000, the interest of which, probably from \$12,000 to \$15,000, is to be used for animal welfare, has created the impression that many societies have been made fairly independent by her generous legacy. One has only to think for a moment to see that the income of this fund, divided among the large number of societies in New York and Massachusetts who may judge themselves entitled to share it, together with the amounts required to establish the various kinds of drinking fountains she desired should be erected with the money, means that the trustees of the fund will probably be able to give but a small amount each year to any single organization. Miss Crabtree was a lover of animals and all who knew her felt quite certain she would not forget them in her will.

THE DOG AND THE TELEPHONE

A FRIEND signing himself J. S. writes to *L'Ami des Animaux* this interesting and most probable story: "My uncle was working one morning in his garden. His faithful dog 'Kiki' was lying on the veranda asleep. Suddenly he sprang up, barked, ran toward his master, went back, came again as if to attract him to the house. My uncle, disturbed, went into the house, looked about, found everything as usual and returned to his work. But the dog, not satisfied, began the more his exertions, not knowing how to induce his master to return. Finally the idea occurred to my uncle, 'Can it be the telephone?' Yes, that was just what Kiki was wanting him to do, to answer the telephone which my uncle had not heard." We do not question this story in the least. Those of us who have had the constant companionship of intelligent dogs can readily understand how the dog would quickly associate the ring of the telephone bell with his master's response to it.

A POET AND HIS CATS

THE biography of John Payne by Mr. Thomas Wright reveals certain characteristics of the distinguished English scholar, translator, and poet, which will interest animal lovers. Payne was a remarkable genius, in many respects a most difficult man to get on with. Extraordinary as were the fruits of his labors as a linguist and of his gifts as a poet, he suffered bitterly from the refusal of the English public to recognize his work.

It is often said that lovers of animals show little interest in children, but Payne was to an unusual degree a lover of both animals and children, and yet, strange to say, this extreme devotion and almost passionate interest in them seldom appears in his writings. Upon the death of Burne-Jones he wrote Mrs. Tracy Robinson, "It is curious, by the way, how one may go all one's life without voicing in verse one's most devout preferences; e.g., my love for children 'borders' (as Dickens' son-in-law, Charles Collins, says) 'well nigh on insanity,' but there is no trace of either passion in my poems. Such are the ironies of fate!"

Payne had at one time two black cats—"Day" and "Martin." He taught one to open his bedroom door and it used to bring his slippers downstairs, carrying one at a time in its mouth. If a dog behaved well and anybody praised it, he always insisted that it had a cat inside or that it had a cat for its mother. "To unmusical strange cats," says his biographer, "who sometimes on his garden wall made night hideous, he gave the names of Gladstone, Harcourt, and other Liberal leaders. He said, 'They were holding political meetings and endeavoring to disseminate opinions that were calculated to unhinge the minds of the well educated. Still with all their faults they were cats.'"

During the years of his life a number of cats at different times formed a part of his household. His attachment to them was so great that upon the death of any one of them he suffered intensely. He was fond of saying that the cat was the poet's favorite animal.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, vice-president of the First National Bank of Boston, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Vice-President of the First National Bank of Boston
CHARLES E. ROGERSON, President of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company
JOHN R. MACOMBER, President of Harris, Forbes and Company

Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Regent 6100

L. WILLARD WALKER, *Chief Officer*
HARRY L. ALLEN DAVID A. BOLTON
HARVEY R. FULLER AMBROSE F. NOWLIN
THEODORE W. PEARSON WILLIAM ENOS
WALTER B. POPE L. A. LECAIN

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

MRS. W. J. McDONALD, *President*
MRS. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, *Vice-President*
MRS. A. J. FURRUSH, *Treasurer*
MRS. EDITH W. CLARKE, *Secretary*

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	704
Animals examined	3,626
Number of prosecutions	24
Number of convictions	20
Horses taken from work	71
Horses humanely put to sleep	117
Small animals humanely put to sleep	852
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	38,404
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	90

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during October of \$1,000 from a friend; \$200 from Mme. A. C.; \$100 from Miss A. C.; \$25 each from Miss E. B. and Mrs. J. F. L.; and \$20 from W. G.

November 11, 1924.

W. C. T. U. AIDS HUMANE EDUCATION

A BUREAU of humane education has been started by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Pennsylvania, Mrs. C. S. Wynn, Tyrone, chairman. Twelve counties are organized for active work, Blair County leading with a humane worker employed. Bands of Mercy, talks to teachers in Sunday-schools and women's clubs, newspapers, humane slides in theaters, floats in parades, poster, essay and story contests and sermons have all been used to help along the good work.

FOR HORSES AT CHRISTMAS

A good dinner for horses will be furnished free by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., in Post Office Square, Boston, on the Saturday before Christmas. There will also be an attractive Tree. Contributions are needed to provide the oats, apples and carrots that are the horse's best reward for service. Send us a donation for "The Horses' Christmas" and come, if you can, and enjoy the occasion.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	668	Cases	1,423
Dogs	459	Dogs	1,044
Cats	182	Cats	364
Horses	21	Horses	8
Birds	6	Birds	7
Operations	483		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	44,118		
Free Dispensary cases	60,616		
Total	104,734		



AMERICAN BALD EAGLE WITH BROKEN BEAK, A RECENT PATIENT AT ANGELL HOSPITAL



DIFFICULT BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE]]

IMPRISONED for at least four days in a manhole from which ran a sewer of some four hundred feet in length, and reduced by hunger to a living skeleton before human hands came to his rescue, was the lot of "Buddy," whose picture above was taken upon his arrival at the Angell Animal Hospital. Buddy is now a happy dog and back at home in Revere, Mass. He was saved from a miserable death by Officers Ambrose F. Nowlin and Levi A. LeCain of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. For some time the dog resisted all efforts on the part of his rescuers. It was necessary to resort to strategy to extricate him from his predicament. By feeding him and coaxing him with meat, he was induced to enter a hand-made noose and then was quickly drawn out of the sewer. The eager crowd of by-standers showed its appreciation of the work of the humane officers whose services in difficult situations involving animals are never sought in vain.

Buddy remained at the Angell Hospital for three days and recuperated rapidly. When his owner came for him mutual recognition made identification unmistakable.

HUGE SUM TO AID HUNTING

\$4,000,000 for Large Preserves in California—Opposed by Humane Societies

THE Pacific Coast Sportsmen's club, with headquarters in Los Angeles, proposes to begin operations with a fund of \$4,000,000 and contemplates an unusual arrangement of wild game preserves in California. The organization will begin an immediate campaign to dispose of 4,000 memberships at \$1,000 each, according to the incorporation papers, recently filed. The program includes establishment of huge game preserves in Central California, where members from all over America will be able to hunt wild game of every species.

A letter from the secretary of the San Francisco S. P. C. A. and of the State Humane Association of California says that these organizations "are going on record as disapproving of the objects of this corporation," and "we will do what we can to prevent the unnecessary slaughter of animals." It also states that the greatest cruelty in the proposed plan would be through the capture of the wild animals and bringing them from Africa. All Humane Societies should try to stop this.

American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see inside front cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Vice-President of the First National Bank of Boston.
CHARLES E. ROGERSON, President of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company.
JOHN R. MACOMBER, President of Harris, Forbes and Company.

Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

George B. Duff Australia
Nicasio Zulaica C. Chile
F. W. Dieterich China
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder Cuba
Charles Maul Czechoslovakia
Toufik Chamie Damascus, Syria
Luis Pareja Cornejo Ecuador
Edward Fox Sainsbury France
William B. Allison Guatemala
Mrs. Lillian Kohler Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé Japan
Mrs. Marie C. S. Houghton Madeira
Mrs. Myrta Keeler Campbell Mexico
J. A. Forbes New Zealand
Mrs. Alice W. Manning Turkey
D. D. Fitch Venezuela

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

FOR CALIFORNIA SCHOOLS

OUR field worker in California, Mrs. Alice L. Park, gave an address on humane education before the annual convention of school superintendents at San Francisco, September 30. She also had a table of humane literature during the four days of the convention.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

THE OXEN

CHRISTMAS EVE, and twelve of the clock.
"Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek, mild creatures where
They dwell in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
"Come; see the oxen kneel

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

THOMAS HARDY

LESSONS FOR TEACHING HUMANE EDUCATION

WITH the increasing recognition of the vital importance of humane education in our schools has grown the demand for the right sort of material to be placed in the hands of the teacher. Even where the desire of the teacher is to make the most out of this subject with her pupils, she is generally at a loss to know just how to go about it most effectively. To meet this need we know of nothing so nearly satisfactory and complete as a recent booklet prepared by Miss Frances E. Clarke, teacher of English and Humane Education in the Maxwell Training School for Teachers, Brooklyn, New York. The lessons are designed for use in elementary schools, and these just published are the first of a series of pamphlets to be prepared by this training school and to be published semi-annually. Each number will correlate humaneness with a subject in the elementary school curriculum.

Miss Clarke has done an unusually fine piece of work, it really being the fruit of much experience in just this kind of teaching. The Maxwell Training School for Teachers has been known for years as putting special emphasis upon humane education, and Miss Clarke has brought to this department in connection with her service as teacher of English not only an understanding of the teachers' need in this direction, but a rare ability to present the subject in a dignified and worthy manner, free from those objections that have been frequently raised to such undertakings. Step by step in attractive and interesting ways the child is taken from the first up to the eighth year of school. Beginning with the first year, "Kindness toward All Pets," the second year has for its theme, "The Toad as Gardener." Then follow such subjects as the care and treatment of "The Cat," "The Dog," "The Horse," "Bird Protection," "The Performing Animal," and "Trapping."

Nothing, so far as we know, is so well suited to the teacher's need for instruction in humane education as this pamphlet. It is published by the American S. P. C. A., but we have made arrangements with them whereby we can supply it at cost. Sample copies will be sent free to those contemplating its use or its introduction into the schools of their communities.

Christmas=Giving, not Getting.

HUMANE MEETING AT TORONTO

THOSE who were privileged to attend the forty-eighth annual meeting of the American Humane Association, at Toronto, October 7-10, brought away only the pleasantest memories of a successful and harmonious gathering and of the delightful hospitality of our Canadian friends. All the sessions were held in the excellently-appointed Hotel Edward, where an entire room was devoted to exhibits of humane literature, pictures, and various devices.

There were two meetings which attracted the public especially. One was on Tuesday evening, when Mayor Hiltz welcomed the delegates, and ex-Mayor Coppley of Hamilton told of his interest in humane work. Mrs. H. C. Preston, of the American S. P. C. A., gave a very interesting stereopticon talk about her work in the schools of New York City, showing reproductions of many unique posters made by pupils in the public schools.

On Thursday evening the largest audience of the week listened to the report of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, chairman of the special committee on slaughter-house reform. Readers of *Our Dumb Animals* are already familiar with the progress made toward securing a satisfactory device for the humane slaughter of cattle. The delegates were enthusiastic over the prospect that "the days of great cruelty are rapidly hastening to a close." Jack Miner, the noted bird lover of Kingsville, Ontario, followed with an intimate account of his successful work for the protection of birds, especially of wild geese, illustrating his talk with many slides and a series of motion pictures.

A noteworthy address in memory of Dr. William O. Stillman, late president of the Association, was given by Dr. William A. Robinson of Cincinnati, Wednesday morning. The new general manager, Mr. Sydney H. Coleman, outlined very explicitly the policy of the Association for the future. Several important papers were presented at the animal section of the conference, on Friday, including "Cruelty by Injunction," by Secretary George A. H. Scott of the Illinois Humane Society, which dwelt at length on the legal processes involved in securing injunctions and threw much light on some unusual court proceedings in connection with rodeos. A round table luncheon held at noon, at which Manager Frank B. Rutherford of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. presided, brought out general discussion on several important topics for which the regular program did not allow time. "Bird Psychology" was discussed by Miss Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe," at the closing session. Other papers were: "The Aged Horse and His Life in the Cities," Manager J. M. Wilson, Toronto Humane Society; "Making Friends with the Public," L. L. Wilder, editor *National Humane Review*, Albany, N. Y.; "The Anti-cruelty Society's Attitude toward Small Animals," Manager W. K. Horton, American S. P. C. A., New York City; "The Fur Farm versus Trapping Wild Animals," President R. H. Murray, Nova Scotia S. P. C. A., Halifax; and "Tuberculosis in Food Animals," Dr. Burton R. Rogers, Chicago, Ill.

The Toronto Humane Society gave a very interesting sight-seeing ride to the delegates Thursday afternoon, the culminating feature being the review of a splendid work-horse parade, in which some three hundred handsome horses participated. Too much credit

cannot be given to Mr. J. M. Wilson, manager, and all his associates of the Toronto Society for the excellent way in which the convention was entertained. President W. K. Horton, whose courteous treatment and business-like management of the affairs of the Association won the commendation of all, was unanimously re-elected to serve as president another year. Frank B. Rutherford of Philadelphia was added to the board of directors, all the other officers and directors being re-elected.

THE PASSPORT TO ANIMALS' FAVOR

LESTER BANKS

THERE are two ways to control an animal—kindness and fear. Instances of the first are seen in the relation between the owner and some pet, like a horse or dog, that has never known cruelty; while the circus furnishes the best examples of government by fear. If you want an animal to love you as well as obey, you must treat that animal in a way to attract rather than repel it, just as you would in dealing with a person.

But while kindness is the only road to the heart of a dog, for instance, there remains the interesting questions of why some persons will be accepted by him even before an acquaintance is formed, while some others arouse his suspicion or anger at the first approach.

Numerous theories have been advanced to explain it, the most popular resting upon the assumption that our dumb animals have a sort of special sense, a protective instinct that applies particularly to human beings.

Undoubtedly instinct is strong in the lower animals—I have seen dogs that seemed to read human character with astonishing accuracy; but I believe the sense of smell is the animal's first means of judgment when approached by a stranger. When two men are fishing within arms' length of each other and one is being made almost frantic by insects while his companion is scarcely annoyed at all, I think there is no doubt that the difference in personal odor, the effluvium, explains it.

Another point worth consideration is that this ability always to win animals to oneself seems largely hereditary. One zoo attendant in whom all animals seem to have perfect confidence immediately, states that both his parents and his children possess the same ability. A man and a woman, especially in characteristic dress, must look very different to a wild animal, yet he may accept the overtures of each, then repulse a third person who appears to be a twin to one or the other. Certain it is that the animal's judgment goes below surfaces. Bodily odor we know to be often a family or hereditary feature.

Louis C. Mullikin, an expert with animals, explains his success on the theory of odor. He can, on first approach, pet dogs that are so fierce with other people as to be chained. He has petted wolves and coyotes when they would fight every one else present, and has had panthers snuggle up to him contentedly like a pet kitten. He takes no credit to himself, but says that it is simply a matter of effluvium. His father and grandfather had the same trait, or faculty, and his daughter now displays it to a marked degree.

ORDER some Be Kind to Animals pins, pennants, and humane literature, to give away, and thus add to your Christmas joy.

THE PERSONALITY OF "PEGGY"

ERIC ST. JOHN

MY first impression of her was negative. She was seated on an upturned box, manicuring, with minute care, a well-shaped, patrician hand—somewhat at variance with the rather broad-featured face, which suggested African origin.

Her coat of smoke-gray fur was shabby; thin in places, revealing the pink flesh beneath. Now and again she shivered slightly, and raised a pair of sad little dark eyes in mute appeal.

Suspecting hunger, I searched my pockets: result—nil, save for a "soda-mint," which I refrained from offering.

People began to gather round—much in the same way as a crowd collects about a man in the street seeking for a lost coin.

Peggy watched their movements with interest.

A facetious youth inserted his stick between the bars of the cage and poked her emphatically between the ribs. She showed resentment by a display of white teeth and an audible anathema. But the hunger in her eyes persisted.

A strident voice in the rear was exclaiming: "Look, Billy! See!—a *monk-key*!"

The owner of the voice dived into a bag, produced a handful of *dried peas*. They looked as hard as billiard balls, but Peggy stretched out two little hands to grab the spoil. She showed signs of disappointment, and promptly stowed the unappetizing morsels somewhere in her mouth for later discussion.

A small boy squeezed under my elbow and thrust an inquisitive nose through the bars.

Peggy's fist shot out like a flash and tweaked the offending member.

The lady of the strident voice clutched the boy by the shoulders. "Treacherous things *monk-keys*!" she remarked severely, with an acid glance at me, as if I were a party to the misdemeanor.

"Hard peas are rather indigestible . . ." I began; but she was already moving away with her whimpering offspring.

Presently we were alone—Peggy and I.

Putting a tentative hand through, I touched her with a light caress. The sad eyes held mine for a few seconds: she sensed my offer of friendship with quick understanding, and held my hand tightly, "nuzzling" her face into the palm with sundry low mumbling sounds of satisfaction.

"Poor little girl," I whispered; "captivity doesn't leave you a sporting chance—eh?"

Then, somehow, she made me understand how she hated the senseless taunts, gibes, pokes and inane laughter at her unusual appearance and helplessness, revealing something of her heart's longing for love and the companionship of her kind; the loneliness of isolation behind bars.

Suddenly she released my hand. Her face wore a detached, *far-away* look. She leaped off the box and started a restless pacing round and round the limited area, with soft, padding, rhythmic steps. . . . The call of the jungle had laid its spell on her senses through the race heritage of her forebears. She was tasting the joy of freedom, the delight of danger amongst the waving trees of a forest home.

. . . Her little monkey heart was responding to the cry of its mate. . . . Into her eyes crept the soft gleam of mother instinct. Helpless little ones were taking shape. . . .

I left her to her visions. . . .

Mercifully—for a period—iron bars were non-existent for Peggy.

I visit her as often as time permits.

She dips into my bag for the offering which she knows is there. Apples, oranges, bananas, nuts—all are welcome. But I think she likes, best of all, a couple of hot potatoes *in their jackets*. Then she proceeds to warm her toes round one, whilst busily relishing the other. But not a bite will she take until she has drawn my hand to her and buried her face in the palm, with those soft little mumbling sounds which first established communion between us. This is her rite of thanksgiving, rarely omitted.

The merry gibes of onlookers are often shared between us now. For I fancy that, somehow, I am helping Peggy to find her soul.

They say it is all "cupboard love" and "monkey cunning"—but I *know*!



CATTLE PASTURE AT NEVINS REST FARM FOR HORSES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., AT METHUEN

Some Books You Ought To Know

HUMANE SOCIETY LEADERS IN AMERICA, Sidney H. Coleman.

We are indebted to the late Dr. William O. Stillman for this adequate presentation of the work and workers in the humane cause in this country. As president of the American Humane Association he realized the need of such a history and wisely entrusted its writing to Mr. Coleman, who now is the general manager of the Association. Here, in the compass of two or three hundred pages, we have a sketch of the rise of the humane movement in England, its inception in the United States and an account of the principal leaders here, both in child and animal protection, with a brief review of the chief societies. There are portraits of forty-one of these men and women, all but eight of whom are still actively engaged in humanitarian work. The others have passed to their reward.

A chapter each is devoted to Henry Bergh, founder of the first anti-cruelty society in America; Elbridge T. Gerry, for twenty-five years president of the New York S. P. C. C.; George T. Angell, the apostle of humane education; and Dr. William O. Stillman, for twenty years president of the American Humane Association. Naturally, each of these chapters deals also with the societies involved and the successors in office. The very appreciative description of Mr. Angell and his work in founding the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., the American Band of Mercy, and the American Humane Education Society, is the best brief summary that we have seen anywhere. We wish, however, that the choice of a portrait could have been happier, as the one used does not do justice to the benign countenance of Mr. Angell. Equally appreciative is the account of Mr. Angell's successor, Dr. Francis H. Rowley.

Succeeding chapters deal with the other humane leaders, one being devoted to the numerous women, of whom Mrs. Caroline Earl White of Philadelphia was the dean, who have done and are doing such splendid work in our humane societies. A chapter each is devoted to other animal and other child organizations which have grown out of the humane movement, such as anti-vivisection societies, juvenile courts, etc. A condensed history of the American Humane Association is given in the final chapter.

The book, as shown above, is logically arranged, well written, and must represent a vast amount of reading and sifting of material, for all of which we are grateful to Mr. Coleman. It is typographically pleasing, being printed in large type on good paper, with excellent illustrations, bound in plain red cloth with gilt lettering. The Association, wisely, offers this volume for only one dollar, which is but a fraction of its cost.

270 pp., \$1. American Humane Association, Albany, N. Y.

A CENTURY OF WORK FOR ANIMALS,

Edward G. Fairholme and Wellesley Pain.

A hundred years ago marked the beginning of the humane movement among mankind, as it is now known. The first humane society to oppose cruelty to animals has but recently rounded out its first centenary of work, and today every civilized nation and state recognizes and accords rights to animals and has laws for their protection which make cruelty to creatures, without the voice to plead for simple justice, a crime.

England has led in the grand march of humanity and the historians of her first centenary of progress have traced a remarkable record of achievement which may profitably engage the attention of humanitarian workers the world over.

Although there were a few earlier pioneers in humane reform, it was in 1822 that Richard Martin, M. P., after repeated failures, secured an Act of Parliament which gave legal protection to animals. There soon followed the founding of the S. P. C. A., under the leadership of the Rev. Arthur Broome, but for some fifteen years the existence of the Society was precarious in the extreme, so great was the hostility to its efforts. Upon the accession of Vic-

torial, the Queen conferred the title of "Royal" to the Society and gave it an influence and standing that has continued to the present day. Through effective legislation the Royal Society has suppressed bear, bull and badger baiting, cock- and dog-fighting and other cruelties of long standing. It has instituted many humane reforms in the slaughter of animals, set bounds to the practice of vivisection and carried on a broad campaign of humane education.

"Nowadays," says the author, "people of widely different views on other matters unite together in helping the R. S. P. C. A. to befriend animals, and the public generally have a greater knowledge of, and love for, animals. A clergyman once excused himself for making a short speech at one of the Society's meetings on the ground that he knew very little of the subject of kindness to animals. No one would care to make such a confession today!"

A gracious Foreword to the volume is by H. R. H. The Prince of Wales. The introduction is by Lord Lambourne, and Mr. Thomas Hardy contributes an Ode in celebration of the centenary of the Society.

298 pp. \$3. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

ANIMAL LAND, Willard Allen Colcord.

A well-stocked library condensed into a single volume, a treasury of the best short stories about animals and birds, entertaining, instructive and inspiring, make this one of the most usefully, attractive books in animal literature. Here are three hundred animal tales, carefully selected, arranged and edited. Many of them, we are pleased to note, bear directly on the matter of kindness to animals. Six of the attractive special-feature pages in the book deal with and have a direct bearing on this subject. The first of these feature-pages, of which there are more than a score, is entitled, "Kindness to Animals," and tells of Mr. George T. Angell and the American Humane Education Society which he founded and to which, with all the boys and girls everywhere who love animals, the volume is dedicated by the author.

Principally for its humane, educational value is this book endorsed and recommended for children, mothers and teachers. It covers a wider range of interesting, worth-knowing, animal information than may be found in any half dozen books of latter-day production. The lessons it conveys are manifold. Industry, wise provision for the future, helpfulness, temperance, patience, persistence, gratitude, faithfulness, forbearance, ministries of love, mother love, paternal care, filial affection, and undying attachment, are but a few of the many that could be enumerated. The work also mentions fifty-three notable persons in connection with the stories in it.

439 pp. \$1.75. The Judson Press, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAT SAVES WOMAN IN FIRE

CHARLES B. MONTGOMERY, of Oneco Conn., for years possessed a cat that rivalled "Puss in Boots" in intelligence, says the *Tribune* of Reading, Pa. Mr. Montgomery says that the cat carried his food bit by bit away from his usual eating place and took it down a lonely path where a starving stray cat reduced almost to a skeleton after being caught in a woodchuck trap, had been unable to forage for food. On another occasion, this same cat is credited with having pulled the bed clothing off a sick woman, at the same time meowing frantically when the house was afire.

"The happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door,
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings—Peace, good-will!"



"BUSTER"

THREE years ago Mrs. George R. Nash, wife of the proprietor of the *Sentinel*, Weedsport, N. Y., found an abandoned kitten, very poor and wild, on her doorsteps. Under the tender care of his master and mistress, who are so fond of animals that they have remembered *Our Dumb Animals* in their wills, "Buster" has become a beautiful pet and now weighs twelve pounds. His owners think him almost human because of his many intelligent actions.

MOCKINGBIRDS AND CATS

ELSA E. BROCKER

TRADITION has always emphasized the fact that birds fear cats, but if you have ever lived in California, where the mockingbirds are found in great numbers, you will find this old belief completely shattered. For the mockingbird torments every cat he sees to such an extent that most house pets prefer to remain indoors until nightfall and then do their prowling.

It is really quite an amusing sight if you don't have to listen to the unpleasant cawing which accompanies their war maneuvers. Our pet could not even show herself at the open window where she loved to doze at times but that Mr. Mockingbird would spy her and start pecking at her through the screen. If she dared to venture out on the lawn or porch he would swoop down on her as if to alight on her back, always screeching at the same time, as if wishing to call the attention of other birds to his boldness and prowess. His undogly cawing as long as pussy remained in sight made him a most unwelcome guest in the neighborhood, and oftentimes would drive our pet to such distraction that she would lie down close to the ground and plaintively meow for mercy. But the mockingbird is absolutely merciless in his persecution of anything feline, and not until he saw his much-hated enemy enter the house would he become quiet and invisible.

I was informed that mockingbirds act this way only while their young are in the nests as a matter of warning to cats to keep away, or while building their nests so that they may line it with the soft hair stolen from the cat's unprotected back, but there seems more fiction than truth to this statement for the mockingbirds kept up the foregoing described persecution on our Persian throughout the entire summer. In fact, we even saw how Senior introduced Junior to the gentle art of making life miserable for our pussy. Although we would chase him away innumerable times, he would be back in a minute, for timidity is a quality that the mockingbirds do not possess.

MAD DOG!

LOUELLA C. POOLE

THEY went for him with stones and sticks,
And threatened him with vicious kicks,
Because it was such fun
To frighten him, and see him quail—
Between his legs his drooping tail;
They liked to see him run!

They tried to "scare him up a bit";
Oh, no, they never meant to hit
The gentle beast that went
So unoffending on his way—
They only threatened him in play,
Not thinking he'd resent

Their game of make-believe; but he
Was but a dog, and could not see
The purpose of their game,
And when in self-defense he turned,
His teeth were very sharp, they learned;
Yet they were not to blame!

The dog was "vicious," so all said,
And must be shot. Off with his head,
Find out if he was mad!
Poor gentle beast, so loving, true!
A perfect lamb! What could he do
When he was used so bad?

And in one home made desolate,
In childish hearts was fostered hate
At such injustice shown;
Refusing to be comforted
Because the dear old dog was dead,
The children wept alone.

MY THREE OLD BROOD-SOWS

E. V. LAUGHLIN

IN the fall of 1917 I decided to engage in the raising of swine, owing to the high price that hogs were then bringing. I purchased three spring farrowed gilts for breeding purposes. Not knowing just what breed I might like best, I concluded to experiment with three—Poland China, Chester White, and Duroc Jersey. Accordingly, from one breeder I purchased a shapely half-grown Poland, from another a trim Chester, and from another a rotund Duroc. These three I still own, old sows now all going on eight years old. It is about these three old hogs that I wish to tell my story.

Few breeders of swine retain brood-sows longer than the second year. I am aware that my three aged sows are the source of considerable humorous comment among those of my neighbors who happen to be acquainted with swine-raising practices. However, owing to the reasons soon to be pointed out, I cannot bring myself to part with my three old sows. Some way, whenever I think of doing so, visions of the packing-house executioner and his bleeding knife and the steaming scalding tank always rise up before me with the result that the aged sows get a new lease on life.

Ever since 1917 when I became owner of these three swine I have made a practice of petting them. The result is that today they look upon me without the least fear. They do not hesitate to let me handle their pigs, even when they are very small. Anywhere in the pasture I can go up to them without their running or edging away. The fact is, I never pass close to the old sows without their grunting a how-do-you-do. It is partly because of this friendly attitude and the in-

variable greeting that has refrained me from following the universal practice and fattening them for the market.

Each sow, during the seven years that I have owned them, has produced and raised not far from one hundred offspring; and they are today producing quite as prolifically as they did in 1918 and 1919. And while I would rather like to quit raising hogs altogether, my three old brood sows continue each year to present me with eight to ten black, white, and red pigs respectively. Alas, I see no way to get out of the swine business except to wait until my three old pets answer Nature's last call!

"BRUCE"

LEWIS GARDNER REYNOLDS

I WAS duck-shooting on Silver Lake, a small body of water in one of the central States. An edge of ice bordered the open water, extending out from the shore line about thirty or forty yards.

With gun and bag I walked out to within fifteen or twenty feet of the outer edge of ice, where I stood, concealed by some brush I had gathered, awaiting the "just before dusk" flight of mallards. They came in rather goodly numbers and I succeeded in killing several, which "Bruce," my English setter, promptly retrieved. There had been some spring thaws and the ice upon which I stood was what is known as "rubber ice," not firm and solid, and it slowly sank under my weight.

As I was wearing heavy waterproof hunting boots, I did not observe the sinking of the ice until I found myself standing in several inches of water. I knew that any sudden movement on my part would probably result in the ice giving way beneath me and, heavily dressed as I was, I would drop like an anchor to the bottom of the lake. Turning around very carefully, so I faced the shore, I stooped low. I felt the treacherous ice giving way around my feet, so I instantly sprawled forward on my stomach, spreading arms and legs as far apart as possible so as to distribute my weight over the greatest area of ice, and lay there in the bitter cold water.

I tried to hunch myself forward, but the slippery ice made progress slow—in fact almost impossible. The shore looked to be miles away. Bruce, crouching near by, eyed me with an expression the nearest to human that I have ever seen on any animal's face.

My predicament was a dreadful one, and I could imagine myself slowly freezing to death as night should come on. Finally I thought of a possible means of escape—at least worth trying. I slipped off one of my gloves and tossed it to Bruce, giving him a signal to "go"! He sensed the situation instantly, and I can see, yet, that streak of black and white as he sped across the intervening ice and through the woods which bordered the lake.

Bruce had never been in that vicinity before, nor within miles of it, yet he must have gone as straight as an arrow to the nearest farmhouse, about half a mile distant. There he attracted the attention of a man who was doing the evening chores in the barn. The dog shook his head frantically, with the glove in his mouth and, crouching before the man gave voice to muffled barks. The farmer had the good sense to realize that somebody needed help, so he dropped everything else and followed the dog as fast as he could. He also, very fortunately and almost through an inspiration, grabbed a long rope before leaving.

Bruce piloted him to where I lay sprawled out in the icy water. My predicament was plain to be seen. The man made several attempts to toss one end of the rope out to where I could reach it, but it fell short about ten feet each time.

Bruce, who was an interested spectator, finally lost patience, picked up the end of the rope in his mouth and carefully carried it out to me. It was an easy matter for the farmer to drag me over the smooth ice to the shore.

When I was safely on solid ground the dog seemed frantic with joy and did not care who knew it.

I was able, with a little help, to reach the farm-house, where I was given a steaming-hot drink of some sort of herb tea, then wrapped in warm blankets and put to bed. The next day I appeared to be none the worse for my experience.



(Left) MRS. L. B. SIMPKINS, PRESIDENT, (Right) MRS. W. F. MYERS, SECRETARY, OF THE WASHINGTON HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, SPOKANE, AND THREE OF THEIR FRIENDS

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and three new Bands of Mercy were reported in October. Of these, 193 were in schools of Virginia; 115 in schools of Rhode Island; 105 in schools of Georgia; 76 in schools of Massachusetts; 70 in schools of Maine; 18 in schools of Texas; 15 in schools of Tennessee; three each in schools of Wisconsin and Canada; and one each in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Philippine Islands, and South India.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 148,318

HIS FIRST STEP IN "PREPAREDNESS"

IT all took place in one of Boston's suburbs. His boyish brain was fired with an irresistible passion to kill something—anything. He had been given a brand-new Christmas air rifle and so, with pocket full of double Bs, he sallied forth to satisfy that impulse to slay, perchance to maim, that is likely to come to the one into whose hands is put a powerful weapon.

He was fourteen years old and a crack shot, and this was the result of his morning's revelry with the new air rifle: with his first shot he killed a sparrow that had just found its breakfast; the next was well aimed at the family cat on the veranda and sent her to cover in a paroxysm of pain. Number three went true and the poor old dog, with a howl of agony, took to his heels to nurse a bullet wound in solitude. Another shot and another little bird was no more.

At this point in the orgy a milk team turned a near-by corner and the boy with the air rifle next took a shot at the horse. Stung by the bullet and maddened by the pain, the horse bolted and snorted and could only be brought to a standstill with great difficulty by his driver. And then the driver himself, incensed at the boy with the rifle, started after the young culprit for the purpose of chastising him. But the boy was not to be caught. He was prepared. Taking quick aim at the man, he fired and fled. The milkman was taken to the hospital for treatment, with a pellet deeply embedded over one of his eyes, but the boy escaped, perhaps to repeat another series of tragedies with his Christmas air rifle.

CONSISTENCY

MR. SMITH, ordering lunch: "What's the matter, dear, aren't you feeling well?"

Mrs. Smith, tearfully: "A hungry, stray cat came in this morning and ate the canary. I am all upset over it. I had the cat killed, of course. However, I think I can eat a nice tender squab on toast."



SCENE AT THE CHILDREN'S PET EXHIBITION, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

Held under the direction of Robert Lee Ste. Fleure, State Humane Officer, last October, with more than one hundred entries. Numerous prizes were awarded.

LINES TO A BEAR CUB

In Soldier Camp, Giant Forest, California

RACHEL COMMONS MIDDLEBROOK

*LITTLE black Deceiver,
Circling 'round our fire,
Amateur pretender,
Funny little liar!*

*Think we do not watch you,
Stealthily approaching?
Awful, if we caught you,
Honey-pot encroaching!
Gazing round about you,
Innocence assuming—
Just a glance could rout you,
Greedily consuming.
Why the caution frantic?
Sneaking won't conceal you!
Every schoolboy antic
Serves but to reveal you!
Don't you know we love you?
In our favor basking,
All those sweets above you
Yours, for just the asking!*

Foolish little Bruin!

*All our hearts you've captured;
Complete our larder's ruin—
We but watch, enraptured.*

BABY SEALS

F. H. SIDNEY

BABY seals are as helpless in the water at birth as is a human baby. They must be taught to swim, and instructed in all the lore of seal life, including how to hunt food and escape their enemies. From the time a baby seal is laid snugly within a bed of dry seaweed, until he is able to look out for himself, he is subject to an unrelenting discipline.

In teaching her baby to swim the mother seal flounders out on the rookery, gathers the baby seal under her flipper, and slips carefully into the water. Suspending the baby on her flipper, the mother seal barks, grunts and whines in her attempts to indicate what is expected of the baby. If the baby refuses to perform, the mother spanks it with her

flipper. The young seal learns to swim by floundering a few strokes at a time. When it becomes exhausted and starts to sink, the mother snatches it from danger.

Some of the beach combers in Alaska adopt baby seals as pets. They become as faithful as dogs, and it is impossible to banish them once they become attached to their masters. An instance is cited of a baby seal that was taken out to sea in hopes that it would reunite with its herd. About midnight there was a plaintive wail at the cabin door. The seal had come back. He howled until he was admitted to the family circle and fed with a piece of fish.

FREE COPIES OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS"

TO introduce *Our Dumb Animals*, the oldest and largest circulated periodical of its kind, to as many new readers as possible, a three-months' subscription will be sent absolutely free to anyone requesting it who will send his full address to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass., before January 1, 1925.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

CHILDREN'S PAGE

FIDO'S CHRISTMAS

EVELYN HARRIET PETTEE

JIMMIE and Robert Smith are brothers whose home was in Maine near the Kennebec River. Their pet and chum is "Fido," a small hound dog.

It was the night before Christmas, and the boys retired a little earlier than usual in order to be prepared for the next day's fun. They not only hung stockings by the chimney for themselves, but also one for Fido. When morning came the boys could hardly wait to look in the stockings, especially in Fido's.

Jimmie went a little ahead of Robert in great excitement. "Oh, Rob, look!" was the excited boy's exclamation.

Robert rushed into the room to see the stockings. "What is in Fido's?" he questioned.

"He has some puppy biscuit, meat and, best of all, a bright red ribbon to put on his collar."

They put the ribbon on his collar and gave him some biscuit. They enjoyed the remaining part of the morning examining the contents of their own stockings.

When it was nearly dinner time the boys took a little of the contents from each dish and gave it to Fido. He looked at them with a grateful expression on his face and said in his language, "Thank you." At the end of the day the boys thought they had had the best Christmas ever, because of being so kind to Fido.

WHICH IS WILD, AND WHICH IS TAME?

FLORENCE L. CLARK

UP in Custer State Park in the Black Hills, South Dakota, a mother buffalo abandoned her calf one day the past summer. A gamekeeper found the disconsolate calf, picked him up, put him on the saddle in front of him and took the little fellow to his lodge. He raised it by hand and it grew quite tame. A domestic calf was in the pasture nearby, and he and the little buffalo became great friends, staying together quite constantly. If they happened to get separated, the calf would bawl and the young buffalo answer with a guttural grunt, which is the nearest he could come to a bawl.



The photograph shows the two chumming together. They don't look so dissimilar, do they? It reminds one that the early French explorers in writing of the things they saw in America always spoke of the great herds of "wild cow" in referring to the bison they saw on the prairies.



IF YOU'RE GOOD

SANTA Claus will come tonight
If you're good

And do what you know is right,

As you should.

Down the chimney he will creep,

Bring for you a woolly sheep,

And a doll that goes to sleep,

If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh,

Through the wood,

But he'll come around this way

If you're good.

With a wind-up bird that sings

And a puzzle made of rings,

He will bring you many things

If you're good.

Jumping jacks and cars that go,

If you're good,

And a rocking-horsey, Oh!

If he would!

And a dolly that can sneeze,

That says, "Mamma!" when you squeeze,—

He'll bring you one of these

If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad.

As he should:

But it makes him very glad

When you're good.

He is wise and he's a dear;

Just do right and never fear;

He'll remember you each year,

If you're good.

The Early Christmas Shopper Gains Many Advantages

Selection may be made much more leisurely and comfortably as the inevitable crowds of later on are avoided.

Assortments are more extensive than later and there's always a pleasure in choosing from the first showings.

There will be less tension upon the delivery and other branches of the business—all making for your satisfaction.

Salespeople have more time and opportunity to render the service we and they are both anxious to give.

Salespeople—and saleswomen particularly—will be relieved of some of the stress and strain of the just-before-Christmas rush.

Jordan Marsh Company

The Store that's filled with the Spirit of Christmas

THE fruition of the greatest art will never civilize the world. . . . When we learn to be kind to animals we will be kind to our neighbors. The day of wars will pass. It does mean changing human nature, a slow process, but it can be done.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

THE Jack London Club is opposing the cruelties in animal training. You can become a member of this club by agreeing to withdraw from any place of public amusement when performing animals are exhibited; or by refusing to patronize the theaters that cater animal performances, and by sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of *Our Dumb Animals*, published monthly, at Norwood, Mass., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Publishers—The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Norwood, Mass.

Editor—Guy Richardson, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.

Managing Editor—Francis H. Rowley, President, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.

Business Managers—Officers of the Mass. S. P. C. A. Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (Charitable Corporation). All funds and property controlled by Board of Directors. Francis H. Rowley, President; Guy Richardson, Secretary; Eben. Shute, Treasurer.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities.

None.

Guy Richardson, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 22nd day of October, 1924.

L. Willard Walker, Notary Public
(My commission expires Jan. 30, 1931.)

[Seal]

Now is the Time to Make Bookings for the Humane Film

"THE BELL OF ATRI"

See

The Wayside Inn, historic tavern where Longfellow wrote his "Tales."

A knight, his only passion the love of gold, who kept but one steed
To starve and shiver in a naked stall, and then
Let him go feed upon the public ways.

The loud alarm of the accusing bell,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

The Knight of Atri's steed of state, who
Calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best.

The Knight who did not deny, maintaining
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

The Syndic reading the proclamation of the King:
"As this steed served you in youth, you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The people all leading home the steed in triumph to his stall,
The bell, famous for all time, which pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws.

Scenes in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, Boston.

Produced Especially for the American Humane Education Society at a Cost of Nearly \$4,000.
Prints (for Standard Machines Only) for Sale and to Rent. Write for Terms.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Horse Essay Prize Contest Ends This Month

A CASH prize of thirty dollars, and one of twenty dollars, will be awarded to the writers of the two best essays on "The Humane Treatment of the Horse," submitted to Contest Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., not later than December 31, 1924. These prizes are offered by Mr. George Foster Howell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the hope that thereby the sympathies of the general public may be aroused and the horse reap the benefit in

more kindly treatment.

Contestants must write on one side of the paper only (typewriting preferred), sign full name and address, and limit the article to six hundred words. No manuscripts will be returned. At the donor's request, the manuscripts will be judged by the editors of *Our Dumb Animals*. Announcement of the prize-winning essays, and publication of the first prize winner will be made in the February, 1925, issue of *Our Dumb Animals*.

h

he
ull
vir
be
u-
ur
ze-
rst
y.